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Yes, He Was In.

The collector was after a deadbeat, and there were rumors that he was in more serious trouble even than owing debts. The collector was told to get after him at once and run him down before anybody else got hold of him. So he chose a time of day when the deadbeat would be most likely to be at home and went to his home and rang the bell. The man's wife came to the door. "Your husband is in?" he said sternly—he made a statement rather than a question of it. She looked scared and answered, "Yes, sir." "I want to see him at once," he went on, very severely. "Why, you can't see him," she answered. "He's in, and yet I can't see him? I'd like to know why I can't!" "Because he's in for six months!" she sobbed, and shut the door in his face.—Argonaut.

Lyddite.

Lyddite, the powder that has enormous explosive force and can be fired from a gun easily carried about, does not, as has been widely supposed, take its name from a man, but from an ancient town near the coast of Kent, England, the town of Lydd, where there is a government artillery range, where the tests were made that resulted in the preparation of this explosive. Lyddite has extraordinary qualities aside from its explosive force, since its fumes are so suffocating as sometimes to be intolerable. Lydd shares the notoriety that attaches to the name of Dumdum, that other peaceful city in Bengal, where are manufactured the expanding bullets that attract so much unfavorable comment in war.

Penetrated His Disguise.

The last minstrel stopped at a back door and said to the housewife who greeted him: "Give me something to eat, fair dame, and I will tickle your ears with a merry tale of romance." "But why not tell me the tale first?" the dame suggested. "No, I must have the food and drink before I talk." Thereupon the dame slammed the door with the tart retort: "You're not a merry minstrel. You're an after dinner speaker."—New York Globe.

A woman's birthday is a fact, but her age is fiction.

The rolling stone acquires a polish along with his bumps.

The industrious man prays for work; the lazy man for a snap.

In the matter of war neither might nor dynamite makes right.

The best lessons a man can learn are from his own mistakes.

People who take themselves too seriously never have any fun.

Cheer up! Sunshine will eventually puncture the thickest cloud.

A woman always wants another woman to help her keep a secret.

War is just as bloody, no matter which side seems to be winning.

No real hustler is satisfied with the things that come to those who wait.

At least the Swiss navy will not do anything to complicate the situation.

If there is anything glorious at all about war it is the Red Cross nurse.

In this war nothing is sure but death in Europe and taxes in America.

China still sits by the "open door" wondering what is going to blow in next.

Some fellows strike out for themselves, while others depend on a pinch hitter.

A man's appetite gives doctors an opportunity to experiment at his expense.

It is easier for a young man to make love to a girl than to make a living for her.

The pen may still be mightier than the sword, but only the pen wielded by the censor.

Paraguay has signed a peace treaty with this country, and, of course, every little helps.

Turkey seems to be getting ready to get it in the neck once more about Thanksgiving time.

While Europeans are dodging bullets Americans are dodging the "when I was in Europe" stories.

The aviation corps of a country's forces is the only one which can fly without running away.

THE BROAD AX CAN BE FOUND ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING NEWS STANDS:

From on and after this date The Broad Ax, can be found on sale at the following news stands:

S. Berenbaum, Cigars, Notions and News Stand; 31 W. 51 Street, near Dearborn.

E. H. Faulkner, news agency; 3109 S. State street.

George I. Martin, maker of fine cigars and news stand, 18 W. 31st St., near State.

R. M. Harvey's barber shop and news stand, 3924 State street.

W. M. Maxwell, notions, cigars, tobacco, confections and news stand, 5244 State St.

Edward Felix, notions, cigars and news stand, 52 W. 30th St.

F. Bishop, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 3 W. 27th St., near State.

Sylvester McGloin, news stand and laundry office, 4122 State St.

William Gaughan, laundry office cigars, tobacco and news stand, 2636 State St.

E. M. Oliver, notions, cigars and news stand, 15 W. 36th Street, near State.

A. D. Hayes, cigars, tobacco, notions, stationery and news stand, 3640 S. State St.

George McFarlo, shoe shining parlors and news stand, 3800 1/2 State street.

T. B. Hall, Laundry office, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 3615 South State street.

Fred M. Waterfield, cigars, tobacco, notions and news stand, 5202 South State street.

Coleman & Glanton, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 3342 S. State street.

Miss E. M. McClain, hair dressing parlor and news stand, 30 W. 39th street.

F. M. Diffay, cigars, tobacco, notions and news stand, 3605 State street.

Napoleon a Good Reader.

Napoleon not only read a great deal, but read with profit. His memory was extraordinary. Take, for instance, his knowledge of Roman civil law, long passages of which he once reeled off by heart to the astonishment of the state council engaged with him in the production of the Code Napoleon. To one of the councilors he explained how he gained his legal learning. When a young lieutenant he found in the cupboard of a prison room in which he was confined a ponderous tome of Roman law. "You can easily imagine," he said, "what a valuable prize that book was. When, at the end of ten days, I recovered my freedom I was saturated with Justinian and the Roman legal decisions." Napoleon added that the old book was covered with marginal notes—so much so that he could not have been idle if his imprisonment had lasted a century.

The Country Newspaper.

I am ashamed to say that I had entertained a good humored tolerance, mingled with contempt, for country newspapers. They seemed to me the apotheosis of the little, the palladium of the uninteresting. It did not occur to me that anything possessed of such tenacity of life as the country newspaper must have a real meaning and perform a genuine function in our civilization. In this roaring age of efficiency we do not long support any institution that does not set its claws deep into our common life—and hang on.—David Grayson in American Magazine.

Acute Pleasure.

Wife (returning from matinee)—Oh, it was too lovely! She had on a pale blue green silk, with bands of passementerie down the front and the grandest diamonds you ever saw, and when she died, in the last act, she rolled over four times, and every woman in the house was crying. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life.—Puck.

Her Nice Little Plan.

He—I don't believe your father will give his consent. I haven't got much, you know. She—That doesn't matter. The first month we can live on love, the second I'll begin to borrow things from mamma and about the third papa will get tired of it and come to the rescue.—London Telegraph.

Nice Neighbors.

"Tough neighborhood I live in. People steal everything I leave in my shed." "Why don't you put a padlock on the door?" "I put on a fine one, and somebody got it the first night."—Kansas City Journal.

The Remedy.

Aviator—I don't know the air currents up there. Friend—Then why not take a minister up with you? Aviator—A minister? Friend—Yes. Isn't he a sky pilot?—Baltimore American.

Badly Aimed.

"Blinks always hits the nail on the head." "Yes, but usually he drives it into the wrong place."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Recognized.

She—The waiter is hanging around as though he expected something. He—Oh, yes; he's a typical waiter.—Providence Journal.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by overanxiety about the future are certainly not heaven sent.

The Prince and the Captain.

The admiral commanding the British Mediterranean squadron a number of years ago gave a dinner to the captains of the fleet at Malta. By 6:45 most of the captains had reached the flagship, been received on deck by the admiral and ushered below. Next the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. The admiral received him and, keeping him in conversation, continued to pace the deck. All subsequent arrivals were duly ushered below to the saloon, but still the admiral kept the duke on deck. At last it occurred to the duke that the dinner hour had been passed, and he ventured to inquire if his host was waiting for anybody.

"Yes," replied the admiral, "I am waiting for the captain of the—"

Instantly the duke took the hint, called for a boat and made posthaste for his own ship. He alone among the captains of the fleet had turned up in ordinary evening clothes, forgetting or not knowing that the dinner was official. On his return to the flagship in the quickest time on record and in full uniform the gallant but inflexible admiral was still pacing the deck and, deprecating his royal highness' profuse apologies, conducted him to dinner.

Eighteenth Century Tipping.

You and I complain—and not without reason—of the tyranny of the tip. But consider the unhappy plight of the eighteenth century man. Here is the anguished wall of "Constant Reader," who in 1705 writes to the Times: "If a man who has a horse puts up at an inn, besides the usual bill, he must at least give 1 shilling to the waiter, sixpence to the chambermaid, sixpence to the hostler and sixpence to the jackboot, making together 2s. 6d. At breakfast you must give at least sixpence between the waiter and hostler. If the traveler only puts up to have a refreshment, besides paying for his horse's standing he must give threepence to the hostler, at dinner sixpence to the waiter and threepence to the hostler, at tea sixpence between them, so that he gives away in the day 2s. 6d., which, added to the 2s. 6d. for the night, makes 5 shillings per day on an average to servants." And 5 shillings then meant at least 10 shillings today.—London Express.

Theodosia Once Great Corn Port.

Theodosia, the Crimean port, bears one of the oldest names in Europe. It was founded in the seventh century B. C. by the Greeks of Miletus and became a great exporter of corn. In one year alone of the fourth century B. C. Theodosia sent 2,100,000 medimni (a medimnus equals twelve gallons) of corn to Athens. How climate influences history is illustrated by the fact that the Crimea, which had so much corn to spare in antiquity, has in our time had to be fed from Russia. "It is very probable," says Mommsen, "that the extraordinary drought, which is the chief obstacle now to agriculture in the Crimea, has been greatly increased by the disappearance of the forests of central and southern Russia, which formerly to some extent protected the coast provinces from the parching northeast wind."

World's Debt to the Unfit.

The world owes much to the physically unfit. It would be less worth living in today but for the brilliant consumptives and cripples and blind and deaf men who have enriched it. In our craze for efficiency and for standardizing everything we are in danger of forgetting that there are other things in the world too. We cannot do without the consumptive Stevensons, the blind Miltons, the deaf Beethoven, the hunchback Alexander Pops, the clubfoot Byrons, the helpless Prescotts. A rule that would have deprived Heine of an education would have been costly to the world. Enforced against Alexander H. Stephens it would have deprived American history of one of its noblest figures.—New York Times.

Money Wasted.

"That young millionaire says he holds you in the kindest remembrance. He says it was at a party given by you that he proposed to his wife." "The affair has unpleasant reminiscences for me. That was a very expensive party, and I gave it in the expectation that he was going to propose to one of my girls."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Investigating.

Blackstone Kent (to partner)—Have you investigated Mrs. Brown's case sufficiently to say whether we would be justified in asking a divorce? Partner—Well, I have asked the mercantile agencies for a report on her husband's financial standing.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Toronto's Name.

The name of the city of Toronto is of Indian origin, and its meaning is "a place of meeting." The site of Toronto before the arrival of the white man was an established rendezvous among the Indian tribes of the surrounding districts.

The Grouchy View.

Secretary (writing advertisement)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried—Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried." You said intelligent, didn't you?—Exchange.

Wanted More.

"Why did Kate refuse at the party to sing 'All That I Want Is Love'?" "She refused because it wouldn't be true. She wants the vote also."—Exchange.

When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of the fruitful flower.—Ruskin.

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Handicapped.

Dr. Curren—You will find your dyspepsia greatly alleviated, Mr. Peck, by cheerful and agreeable conversation at your meals. Mr. Peck—That's good advice, doc, but my income will not permit me to eat away from home.—Terre Haute Express.

Rigs in Scotland.

In Scotland the corn and grass fields are divided into spaces twenty to thirty yards wide by a furrow made by a plow. These are termed rigs.

Tropical Medicines.

In the order named quinine, calomel, castor oil, tincture of iron, opium and bandy are the medicines most used in the tropics.

The Night Writers.

Writers who habitually work at night and all night, frequently get strange nervous fancies. Huxley said, "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking through the crack in the door at me!"

Wilkie Collins was a habitual night worker until he was frightened out of it by the appearance of another Wilkie Collins, who sat down at the table with him and tried to monopolize the desk. There was a struggle, and the ink-stand was upset. When the real Wilkie Collins came to himself, saw enough, the ink was running over the writing table, proof enough of a struggle. After that Mr. Collins gave up night work.